

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXIII

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1916.

NO. 10

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COUNTY BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

The county board of supervisors met in adjourned session at Redwood City last Monday morning.

The purpose of the meeting was to take up the matter of the construction of the Hillsborough to Halfmoon Bay road, so that the proceedings could be started at once.

Surveyor James V. Neuman presented plans and specifications for that portion of the above road between the Hillsborough city limits and the poor farm road. The new road is to consist of a five-inch concrete base with an asphaltic oil wearing surface.

The plans and specifications were adopted.

Surveyor Neuman next presented plans and specifications for a six-inch macadam road for that portion between Crystal Springs road and Halfmoon Bay; also alternate plans and specifications for a four-inch concrete base with an asphaltic oil surface for that portion between Pilarcitos creek and Halfmoon Bay.

The above plans and specifications were adopted, and the clerk was instructed to advertise for bids.

The board selected next Thursday to visit the different parts of the county where the roads had been damaged as a result of the severe storms, and ascertain what is needed in the way of repairs.

The board adjourned at 10:40 a. m., to meet again Monday morning, March 6th.

RAINFALL IN THIS CITY.

The data of rainfall in this city kept by G. W. Holston, local Southern Pacific agent, for this season to date is as follows:

DATE.	INCHES.
NOV. 30, total for month.....	1.30
DEC. 31, total for month.....	9.37
JANUARY 31, total for month.....	18.91
FEBRUARY 29, total for month.....	2.96
MARCH 1.....	.56
MARCH 2.....	.05
MARCH 4.....	.45
TOTAL FOR SEASON TO DATE.....	33.20
TOTAL TO MARCH 4, 1915.....	22.97

LETTER LIST.

List of letters unclaimed in the postoffice at South San Francisco, March 3, 1916.

Domestic—Bertelli, Miche; Chirolla, Batista; Pardini, C.; Williams, Mrs. Ring.

Foreign—Camarlinghi, Aturo; Elefant, T.; Lassalle, Isidore; McFarland, Mrs. Margaret; Savino, Vittorio.

E. E. Cunningham, Postmaster.

Miss A. Vandebos, graduate of the Conservatory of Music in Brussels, will give music lessons on the piano and harp at Linden Hotel. Lessons \$1. Advt.

It Is Well Enough

to DREAM of success. But the people who put EFFORT behind their dreams, turn their visions into realities.

It requires a savings account to make dreams come true.

4% INTEREST ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS

Bank of South San Francisco

COMMERCIAL

SAVINGS

TO LOCAL CANDIDATES

There are several candidates for local city offices to be voted for on April 10th next. Following is a sample adv. that can be used by one of the candidates in The Enterprise for a reasonable price. First come, first served. Call at this office for terms.

A PLAIN TALK TO VOTERS.

I am a candidate for the office of _____ and I am very desirous of securing your votes and your active support.

I will not insult your intelligence by handing you a lot of bunk which means nothing and commits me to less than nothing. That is not my way.

But if you vote for me it is my wish that you do so with the assurance that I have nothing other than the good and the laws of the people that I will have absolutely no personal favorites after election; that I will strive to the utmost to honestly and fearlessly perform the duties of the office; that my only guide in the performance of those duties will be the law as it is enacted by those in power; that the law will apply to all persons alike, rich or poor; that all men will look alike to me while I am in office; that the body politic is the master and that I am its humble servant, obeying its will as expressed by the law relating to the office to which I aspire.

If under these conditions you can consistently favor me with your support, then I will be profoundly grateful.

I can offer you no greater reward personally than my gratitude, for officially I can do no more for you than for your neighbor, or for any other abiding citizen.

If in the exercise of your right of franchise you feel it your duty to support some other candidate, be sure there will be no hard feeling on my part. Your own conscience is your guide, as mine is good when I go to the polls.

But I do want and earnestly solicit your vote and your active support, and I am taking this public method of speaking straight to you over my own signature.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

The total number of voters registered in this city to date (this morning) is 597.

Mrs. H. G. Plymire of Oakland and formerly of this city was a visitor here on Friday.

Andy Hynding of this city was in Redwood City last Saturday visiting relatives.

Charles Storek, who ran a nail in his right foot last week, is able to be around again much improved.

The Southern Pacific Company is busy dumping rock in the hole on its right of way near the depot.

The monthly whist club was entertained by Mrs. E. I. Woodman at her residence on Miller avenue last Thursday evening.

Contractor F. R. Ritchie has completed the laying of asphalt on the block of Cypress avenue, between Miller and Lux.

Charles ("Slip") Baker, formerly a steel worker at the local plant and now assistant roller at the Rudgear Merle plant in San Francisco, was here on Tuesday visiting friends.

Arthur Danielson of San Francisco, who formerly was assistant with City Engineer George A. Kneese of this city and has been in Astoria, Oregon, has returned and taken up his former position.

On last Wednesday the two-horse team of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company of this city became frightened at the local sub-station and ran away, but was stopped before any damage was done.

Don't forget the third annual St. Patrick's dance given by Court Violet, No. 1453, I. O. F., in Metropolitan Hall on Friday evening, March 17, 1916. Union music. Floor manager, Fred Schmidt; assistants, William McGrath, John McDonald, Ed Meehan and C. Mercks. Admission 50 cents, ladies complimentary.

Attend the last all-night ball in South San Francisco given by Volunteer Hose Company No. 2 in Metropolitan Hall to-night. A good time is assured all who attend. Admission 50 cents, ladies complimentary. Union music. Floor manager, Will McGrath; assistants, Louis Ringue, James McDonald and John McDonald.

Milk Goats for Sale—Just the thing to make babies healthy. Address J. Addington, general delivery, South San Francisco postoffice. Advt.

NASH STARTS CAMPAIGN FOR STATE SENATOR

County Clerk Jos. H. Nash was here Thursday en route to San Francisco to call on Mrs. Nash, who is recovering from an operation in a hospital there.

Nash has just returned from a tour of Santa Cruz county in the interest of his candidacy for state senator. He was given a hearty reception all along the line. Nash aspires to represent San Mateo, Santa Clara and San Benito counties in the state senate, and so far no opposition has presented itself.

Nash was highly pleased with the manner in which his candidacy was received in the lower county. He says that practically all the papers down there are for him, and he has equally encouraging news from San Benito, where Senator Flint has espoused his cause.

Speaking of his visit to Santa Cruz, the Evening News of that city, after giving a brief history of his career, adds:

"Mr. Nash has attended the last two sessions of the legislature as secretary of the county clerks' association and is well versed in legislative procedure. Mr. Nash has a pleasing, unaffected manner and has the faculty of making friends wherever he goes."—San Mateo Times, March 4, 1916.

Mr. Nash has many stanch friends in this city. He is recognized as one of the best officials this county has ever had. It rapidly begins to look as if he will have no opposition next fall for the honorable position of state senator he seeks to represent San Mateo, Santa Cruz and San Benito counties. He is a very approachable man and has an intimate personal acquaintance with a large number of citizens of this county. This county will come into the limelight and be given much publicity when Mr. Nash becomes senator. Stay with it, Joe, until the last vote is counted. You are a sure winner.

GEORGE R. SNEATH SENDS FIFTY DOLLARS TO FIREMEN

Chief James S. Madden of the Burlingame fire department was agreeably surprised Friday morning upon receiving through the mail a check for \$50 from George R. Sneath. A letter accompanied, thanking the firemen for their efforts to save Mr. Sneath's buildings on the Jersey Farm, near San Bruno. The finances of the fire department were getting low, and Chief Madden says the money will come in handy and the donor has the thanks of the department for his consideration.

Very few heroes of spelling matches are carried off the field on the shoulders of admiring rooters.

A few improved lots on Grand avenue for sale at a bargain. South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company. See John F. Mager, Sales Agent. Advt.

For Sale—Five-room house and lot; price \$750; sold on easy terms. See L. M. Pfleger. Take San Mateo car and get off at San Bruno crossing or phone San Bruno 129. Advt.

Do You Want a Home?

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company will build you a house on any lot in South San Francisco, on very easy terms. Select your lot, choose your design and apply at the Company's office, 306 Linden avenue, for full particulars.

CANDIDATES FOR CITY OFFICES

The following are the candidates for city offices in this municipality who have filed their nomination papers up to this morning: For trustee—A. F. Schmidt, J. H. Kelley, Dr. J. C. McGovern, George W. Holston, Peter Lind, D. Palany, Henry Veit. For clerk—W. J. Smith, Patrick Bowler. For treasurer—Edward P. Kauffmann.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

All those who enjoy a good laugh are looking forward with keen interest to the play, "A Strenuous Life," which is to be staged at the Royal Theatre in this city next Monday evening.

The young people of the high school, who have been working so faithfully on this play for the last two months, are nearing the end of their labor, and on Monday will present a clever and interesting play in a manner that will surely be pleasing to all who attend.

From the time the "honest, intelligent Japanese schoolboy" appears on the stage with his book, studying as he pretends to work to the last "Yis" by which he clears the hero and makes every one happy, there is not a dull moment.

Tickets are selling well, reserved seats as well as general admission, and when the curtain goes up next Monday evening there should not be an empty seat in the theatre.

LOCAL REALTY TRANSFERS.

Manuel Silva Mederos to Jos. Barboza—Lot 6, block 99, South San Francisco.

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company to South City Lot Company—Lot 13, block T, Sup. Map to and Resub. of blocks R and S of Peck's subdivision No. 1.

South City Lot Company to J. J. Carmichael—Lot 16, block B, Peck's subdivision of South San Francisco.

Gaetano Furino and wife to Francesco Casagrande—Lot 31, block 101, South San Francisco.

The learned members of a lunacy commission had just pronounced a patient sane.

"Huh!" said the patient. "Of course I am sane! Last time I saw General Grant he gave me a ball of red yarn, and he said: 'Bill, if you can't make a steam boiler out of that yarn no man can!'"

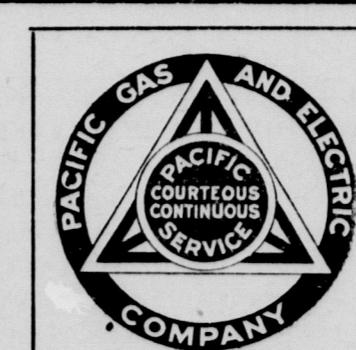
"You do not speak to him?"

"No," replied the scholarly girl.

"When I passed him I gave him the geological survey."

"The geological survey?"

"Yes. What is commonly known as the stony stare."—Washington Star.



AS A UNIVERSAL FUEL

GAS

WILL RANK SUPREME

IN ANY HOME WHERE IT IS USED FOR COOKING AND THE HEATING OF WATER

It is ideal because it is—

ALWAYS READY
ALWAYS COOL
ALWAYS CLEAN
ALWAYS ECONOMICAL

Pacific Gas and Electric Co.

REDWOOD DISTRICT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

"Destiny," or "The Soul of a Woman"



B. A. Rolfe presents Emily Stevens, the superb emotional actress and creator of the stellar roles in "Today," "The Songbird," etc., in Anthony P. Kelly's inspiring allegorical study, "Destiny," or "The Soul of a Woman," five wonderful acts of sublime story, at the Royal Theatre on Sunday, March 5th.

Cast of "Destiny" or "The Soul of a Woman":

Miss Emily Stevens.....Mary Cadman
George LeGuere.....The Boy
Theodore Babcock Standish, the artist and
Walter Hitchcock.....Connoisseur
Fred Stone.....Parishioner
Howard Truesdell.....Father Anthony
Henry Bergman.....Avarice
Edffingham Pinto.....Lust
Del DeLouis.....Rum
Florence Short.....Passion
Vivian Oakland.....Beauty
Ralph Austin.....the neighbor
Edwin Martin.....Father Time—Death
Baby Field.....The infant

Standish, an artist, uses Mary, his wife, as the model for his painting of the Madonna. When the Connoisseur and the Parishioner come to inspect the picture, the Connoisseur recognizes in the model an old paramour and tells the husband so. The husband, while surprised, fails to disclose his identity, and the visitors purchase the picture. After their departure the artist upbraids his wife. She tells him of her long acquaintance with the Connoisseur and how, for five years, she believed herself legally married to him. But the hus-

band, unforgiving, turns her and her infant son out into the street. The mother leaves her baby on the steps of a monastery with a crucifix bearing her name. Then she enters a squalid resort known as the "House of Lost Souls," and becomes its reigning queen.

Seventeen years later the boy is a novice in the monastery. Before becoming a monk he wants to see the world. Father Anthony gives consent and the lad wanders into the "House of Lost Souls," of which his mother is now the proprietress. There the lad meets Lust, Rum, Passion, Avarice and Beauty. They try their wiles in vain. Finally he succumbs to Beauty. The proprietress enters their ribald revels, takes the lad to her room and, finding the crucifix, learns that he is her son. Without disclosing her identity, she tells him to go back. When he is gone, she renounces her companions. Then she falls fainting.

Eight years later the boy is a parish priest. In a fearful storm an old hag enters the church. It is the mother. She sees above the altar the painting of the Madonna for which she posed, and recognizes her son by the crucifix he still wears. The son gives the mother absolution, as the Angel of Death enters and bears off her spirit.

the genuine and original impulses of your own locality and conditions. You have the opportunity of showing to the wide world that California's marvelous development has not been centered around things material.

You are to provide a musical setting for the poem printed herewith. Contributions may be mailed to the editor of this paper. He will forward the contributions to the "Song Contest Director" of the league, whose offices are in the Call building, San Francisco.

Get busy right away. Try and win a prize! Let the land realize your California appreciation for art—artistic estheticisms.

An eminent committee of California musicians will decide the winning compositions on the night of the contest's closing date, April 14th.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC AGAIN TO RESCUE OF IMPERIAL VALLEY

Once more the Southern Pacific Company has gone to the aid of the Imperial valley and stopped the threatening onrush of the waters of the Colorado river from flooding the valley.

Several weeks ago, during the heavy rains in the south, the high waters of the Colorado undermined the California development levee which protects the valley and the Inter-California railroad. The point at which the waters encroached was a short distance below the border. Half a mile of the levee was eaten away and disappeared in the river. Only a precipitous fall in the Colorado prevented an immediate overflow. Had the latter occurred the waters might have reached the Salton sea and flooded the valley at a cost to the ranchers and others that can only be imagined. It was a time to act and act quickly—to repair the break in the levee at once, before the waters encroached further.

Gathering the fruits of the Panama-Pacific international exposition, the golden state now stands at the gateway of a great musical renaissance. The officers of the home industry league of California believe that this new achievement should be expressive of all California.

Get to work on your musical theme! Let your composition be derived from

Titcomb, maintenance-of-way assistant, was dispatched by Chief Engineer J. Q. Barlow to the scene with a big force of men. They labored day and night and in record time repaired the break by constructing another half-mile of levee behind the break, thus checking the flood waters. Then Titcomb wired back that the situation was under control.

In 1906 the Southern Pacific went to the aid of the government and the stricken people of the valley and prevented the Colorado from destroying the expensive Laguna dam built by the government and from rendering homeless the people of the Imperial. The company spent nearly two million dollars in halting the flood. Its claim for reimbursement has been before congress since 1906. It is still unpaid.

GLACIAL EPOCHS.

This Old Earth of Ours Has Had More Than One Ice Age.

Every one with intelligent interest in the history of the world on which he lives has heard of "the glacial epoch," or the ice age. The inhabitants of the northern portion of the United States have no doubt a general understanding that the gravel hills and ridges and the huge boulders with which they are familiar are due to an irresistible invasion from Canada by "the great ice sheets" at a date just preceding that which geologists term "recent," yet many thousands of years ago.

It is, however, not strictly correct to speak of the "ice age" or the "glacial epoch," for there have been many of them. It is now known that even this latest or pleistocene glacial epoch has several important divisions, and in the Rocky Mountain region it appears that important changes in the form and height of the mountains, due to a wearing down by erosion, took place between the glacial sub-epochs.

More than fifty years ago it was recognized by English geologists that certain masses of gravel and breccia and certain planed and grooved rock surfaces in rocks of Permian age in India indicated a glacial epoch vastly older than that of the Canadian ice sheets, but it is only within the last thirty years that geologists have learned that glacial conditions have recurred at many different places in the earth's history. The evidence of this has been found in all continents in Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia, South and North America. The formation of great ice sheets took place at different periods in the larger divisions of geologic time back to the proterozoic—that is, to the age of the oldest known sedimentary rocks, a great many million years ago.

Sunday School Stories.

Ethel used to play a good deal in Sunday school, but one day she had been so good that the teacher said in praise:

"Ethel, my dear, you have been a very good girl to-day."

"Yeth'm," responded Ethel. "I couldn't help it. I dot a stiff neck."

"And now, children," said the pastor. "let us all repeat the Beatitudes—the 'Blesseds'—you know them. Now, all together—'Blessed are the'—"

The Sunday school responded in that monotone usual in such performances in unison.

"Very good," commented the pastor. "And now, tell me, who said those beautiful words?"

No response. Pause.

"Can no little boy or little girl tell me who said those beautiful words? Any one."

One little hand waving in the rear.

"Ah, Willie, I'm glad to see your hand up. Tell me, who said those beautiful words?"

"I did, sir."

And You Would, Too, Wouldn't You?

The class had been studying about the house fly and how dangerous he is to health. The lesson sank deep into the mind of little George, who, when asked to write a composition on the subject, turned in the following:

The fly is a insect he has six legs. he is more dangerous than a lion but I had rather a fly would bite me than a lion.

CALIFORNIA'S GRAPE PRODUCTION UNIQUE

In considering and discussing the grape industry in the United States, California cannot be viewed in the same light as any other state. California is in a class by itself in this regard, for when we speak of viticulture in the United States, we practically mean viticulture in California.

With the exception of New York, Ohio, Missouri, Pennsylvania and Michigan, the grape acreage and investment of the other states in the union are hardly worth considering; while in California it is a great industry in which about \$150,000,000 is invested, and in which about 150,000 people are directly or indirectly interested.

Legislation has done little or no damage to the nineteen states that have adopted prohibition. The acreage is small and in none do they grow the European varieties of wine grapes cultivated in California. So when prohibition was adopted they had no viticultural problem, and the changed conditions did not make a ripple on the general prosperity or affect their grape industry.

In 1910, according to figures supplied by the United States department of agriculture, the total acreage of vines in the nineteen prohibition states combined was 23,496½ acres, or less than 10 per cent of that devoted to grapes in California.

Total Acreage of Grapes in 1910.
California, 270,035. Prohibition states—Alabama, 535; Arizona, 320; Arkansas, 1450; Colorado, 520; Georgia, 465; Idaho, 280; Iowa, 3570; Kansas, 4075; Maine, 20; Mississippi, 580; North Carolina, 2800; North Dakota, 1½; Oklahoma, 4170; Oregon, 1250; South Carolina, 475; Tennessee, 610; Virginia, 825; Washington, 1020; West Virginia, 530. Total, 23,496½.

From the above summary, it will be seen that viticulture in the prohibition states is a relatively trifling industry, while in California it is vital to the community.

Wanted—A Man of All Work.

A colonel (this happened in England) wanted a man servant, so he inserted an advertisement in the local weekly. One of the applicants who answered was an Irishman.

"What I want," explained the colonel, "is a useful man—one who can cook, drive a motor, look after a pair of horses, clean boots and windows, feed poultry, milk the cow and do a little painting and paperhanging."

"Excuse me, sor," said Murphy, "but what kind of soil have ye here?"

"Soil?" snapped the colonel. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, I thought if it was clay I might make bricks in me spare time."

—Christian Advocate.

HOME GROWN.

You don't plant oats upon a hill
A hundred miles away.
And somewhere else your corn to drill
You know would never pay.

You plant at home to get the yield
Whatever crops are grown,
For planting in some other field
Will never help your own.

And it's the same with dollars,
For dollars, too, are seed,
The cash to pay you send away
To-morrow you will need.
Don't send your cash far to roam
But, wiser, learn to sow,
Just plant your dollars here at home,
And watch your dollars grow.

Fred had been permitted to visit a boy friend on the condition that he return home not later than 5 o'clock. He arrived at 7, and insisted that he had not loitered.

"Do you mean," demanded the mother, "that it took you two hours to walk a quarter of a mile?"

"Yes, mother; Charlie gave me a mud turtle and I was afraid to carry it, so I led it home."

A Bright Prospect.

"For five years," said the commercial traveler, "I had called upon a certain draper in Scotland and never got an order. I mentioned it to the head of the firm. 'We aye deal wi' B. & Co.' he said. 'Their traivler ca'd for twenty years before he took an order, and if ye'll continue to call for twenty years I'll no say but ye may get one.'

POSTOFFICE

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, 8 a. m. to 9 a. m. Money order office open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Mails leave Postoffice twenty minutes before trains.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES OF MAIL

Mail arrives—	
From the north at.....	6:47 a. m.
" " " "	11:58 a. m.
" " south	12:18 p. m.
" " north	2:18 p. m.
" " south	3:41 p. m.
" " north	4:26 p. m.
Mail leaves—	
For the south at.....	6:47 a. m.
" " north	8:04 a. m.
" " south	11:58 a. m.
" " north	12:18 p. m.
" " south	2:18 p. m.
" " north	3:46 p. m.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.	

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

South San Francisco

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

June 15, 1915.

BAY SHORE CUTOFF

NORTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVE

6:00 a. m.	
(Except Sunday)	
7:01 a. m.	
(Except Sunday)	
7:12 a. m.	
(Except Sunday)	
7:42 a. m.	
(Except Sunday)	
8:03 a. m.	
(Except Sunday)	
8:44 a. m.	
(Except Sunday)	
9:23 a. m.	
9:55 a. m.	
11:28 a. m.	
1:42 p. m.	
3:42 p. m.	
5:14 p. m.	
5:32 p. m.	
7:04 p. m.	
7:28 p. m.	
8:24 p. m.	
(Except Saturday and Sunday)	
11:39 p. m.	
(Saturday and Sunday)	
SOUTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVE	
6:47 a. m.	
7:17 a. m.	
(Except Sunday)	
8:28 a. m.	
10:58 a. m.	
11:58 a. m.	
1:37 p. m.	
3:17 p. m.	
4:36 p. m.	
5:24 p. m.	
(Except Sunday)	
5:58 p. m.	
6:25 p. m.	
(Except Sunday)	
6:47 p. m.	
8:27 p. m.	
10:16 p. m.	
12:02 p. m.	
(Theatre Train)	

CITY OFFICIALS

TRUSTEES—G. W. Holston (President), F. A. Cunningham, Geo. H. Wallace, J. H. Kelley, J. C. McGovern, Clerk and Deputy Tax Collector....

Treasurer.....E. P. Kauffmann
Attorney.....J. W. Colbeld
Engineer and Supt. of Streets.....

Recorder.....George A. Kneese
Marshal.....H. W. Kneese
Night Watchman.....W. P. Acheson
Health Officer.....Dr. I. W. Keith

BOARD OF HEALTH—E. E. Cunningham, William Hickey, Dr. I. W. Keith, George Kneese (Secretary).

SCHOOL TRUSTEES—C. C. Conrad, E. N. Brown, J. J. Dowd.

COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge Superior Court.....G. H. Buck
Treasurer.....P. P. Chamberlain
Tax Collector.....A. McSweeney
District Attorney.....Franklin Stewart
County Clerk.....Joseph T. Neuman
Assessor.....D. P. Flynn
County Recorder.....W. H. Barr
Sheriff.....M. Sheehan
Auditor.....J. J. Shields
Superintendent of Schools.....Roy Cloud
Coroner.....Dr. W. A. Brooke
Surveyor.....James V. Neuman
Health Officer.....W. G. Beattie, M. D.</p

DO YOU KNOW

That a World's Business of Rapidly Increasing Magnitude Is Centering Around San Francisco?

DO YOU KNOW that the captains of finance and industry everywhere predict for San Francisco and her environments from now on a quick development and of colossal proportions, both industrially and commercially?

Do you know that South San Francisco is the best-located and best-proven industrial city to-day within this center of great promise?

Do you know that now is the best time for making an investment in South San Francisco property?

Values will never be less and the possibilities of big increase are everywhere within her borders.

Buy and build at once, for the demand for buildings by good tenants is away beyond the supply.

Inquire at the Office of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company for Information

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent

Office Open Sundays, Bank Building

**NEXT TIME
YOU BAKE—**

USE

CALIFENE

It will make your friends wonder how you get that nice, rich, savory crust they somehow cannot bake. Be generous. Give them the secret. Tell them about Califene, the new shortening that makes every baking day cheerful. Be sure they remember the name Califene, made in South San Francisco and sold everywhere in California.

ASK YOUR DEALER

Manufactured from the purest vegetable oil and selected beef fat in a modern and sanitary plant
under the watchful eyes of U. S. Government Inspectors.

Western Meat Company

THE ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday by the
Enterprise Publishing Co.
E. I. Woodman, Manager.

Office, 312 Linden Avenue. Phone 126

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One Year, in advance \$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months 50

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1916.

CLUB AND SOCIETY NOTES.

Our readers are respectfully asked to furnish The Enterprise with items of club, social or personal nature that they know of for publication.

* * *

The Woman's Club meets on the first and third Thursdays of each month at Lodge Hall, Metropolitan building, at 2:30 p. m.

JUSTICE TO THE NATIONAL GUARD.

Congress is definitely committed to the policy of preparedness against war, preparedness for a continuation of American peace and prosperity. That much is settled beyond a doubt.

The continental army scheme is dead. Peace to its ashes!

With regard to the land forces, there remains now but to increase the size of the regular army to reasonable proportions and to augment and develop the national guard of the several states. They will constitute the "citizenry trained to arms" for which the president is contending.

Justice at last will be done to the national guard, and in its new development it will constitute an army upon which the nation may safely depend in time of distress. It has never failed yet to respond to the call of our country, and it never will.

From a reliable and trustworthy source, from one actively concerned in the framing and shaping of this legislation, the editor of this paper learns that the new plan will call for increasing the national guard to approximately 500,000 men, apportioned among the states according to population.

These troops will be armed and equipped in precisely the same manner as the regular army, will be subject to the same regulations and discipline, and will be educated in their duties under the tutelage of experienced officers of the army.

A pay bill on a graduated scale will be passed by congress which will give private soldiers approximately \$48 a year each for attending drills, with pay for officers in proportion to their grade.

In times of peace the guard will remain under the control of the governors of the several states, but in time of war or in the event of a national need the president will have authority to order out the troops of any state for service without the formality of calling for volunteers.

The development of the national guard is probably the most practical and effective, and yet the least expensive, method that could be devised for supplying an army of adequate size and efficiency for defensive purposes, and the federalizing of the state troops will practically eliminate any hostility that may have been entertained toward them in certain quarters heretofore.

The national guard of this state is made up of young men of a high order of intelligence, whose patriotism has been tried and found true, and if the time ever comes when the nation needs their services the president may rest assured that the patriotism of this state will be second to none.

There is but one flag, and that flag is our flag!

PEOPLE AND ROADS.

When a very amiable gentleman steps into his car or climbs into a buggy and takes a drive out into the country and gets stuck in the mud of a bad road, he immediately calls down something besides blessings upon the heads of the people responsible for such conditions.

It never enters his head that per-

haps he himself is one of those people. But he is.

He is one of them because he has not done his part toward compelling our officials to see that the roads are in proper condition. He has not raised his voice in behalf of better country roads, or if he has it has been so weak and half-hearted that it has neither been heard nor heeded.

It is the duty and it should be the pleasure of every citizen to talk and work for better country roads, for better roads mean more prosperous conditions generally. The man in town is just as much interested in the condition of roads as the farmer, for when roads are bad and the marketing of crops is difficult and expensive the farmer is less prosperous, and this in turn is detrimental to the best interests of the man in town.

This is an era of road building, and the time is opportune for us to rise to the occasion and look to the condition of our own roads.

We as a people are not paupers and there is no occasion for poor roads in this community. That such roads do exist is simply an evidence that we as citizens are not alive to our opportunities or our duty, and that so long as we sleep we may expect our officials to share our slumbers.

While we are simply jogging along, others on other communities are building better roads and reaping the financial results.

Are we to be satisfied with being the tail of the cow?

Boost for good roads and whoop up the boosting!

GAMBLING IN THE NORTH END.

Again the hue and cry has been raised about gambling in the north end of this county and again charges and counter-charges of responsibility are being made. Officials are being scored and one would think something new had arisen to mark an epoch in local history. As a matter of fact there has never been a time that there was not gambling along the northern boundary of this county and it is little worse than it was last month or last year. Any one can see the bright lights burning at the Villa Mateo and the peculiar slinking step of those going to and from the place and know at once that something malicious is going on. This sight has been familiar not only for the past few months, but for the past years. If present conditions remain, gambling will probably continue as it has in the past. The whole thing rests with the people in that community. They want the gambling or at least those in control do. We have often said that the morals of the community are about what the community want them to be. No such condition as exists in the north end could exist in Burlingame, Redwood City and Palo Alto would not stand for such conditions on the southern boundary. People generally get about what they expect or will stand in government. In other words local conditions are no better than the people—sometimes not as good. The northern conditions can be cleaned up by the county seat officials, but they will not stay cleaned

long if the local officials connive with the gamblers and re-establish the illicit trade.—Burlingame Advance.

South San Francisco, the factory pay roll city of this county, is also a progressive and moral municipality.

Peninsula News, a weekly newspaper of San Bruno, printed in San Francisco, except its supplement, announces in its issue of March 4th that it will be under the supervision and management of Edw. M. Connolly.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

At any rate, there is no law to prevent women telling us men how to vote.

Be good to all of the candidates. It will be hell to most of them after the elections, anyway.

Love is a mighty good thing in the home, but corn beef and cabbage gets there just the same.

The fellow who boasts his home town never lacks for friends to boost him. Be a booster.

The merchant who wants to sell goods to our people must first let them know that he has the goods to sell. The mountain never goes to Mahomet.

Any candidate can give away cheap cigars and make oral promises, but it takes a square man to put it in type in this paper over his own signature. Keep your eye on our columns and on the name on your ballot.

For Sale, young cow; cheap. 417 Linden avenue, South San Francisco, Cal. Advt.

NOTICE.

One hundred dollars (\$100.00) reward will be paid by the undersigned corporation for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of any person for the crime of unlawfully and maliciously taking down or removing any of its electric transmission lines in violation of Penal Code Section 593, or for the crime of larceny for stealing any such electric transmission line.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC CO.
By JOHN A. BRITTON,
Vice-President and General Manager.

THE HUB

We have received our spring line of clothing and furnishing goods for men, women and children. Call in and look at them and make your selection. We will make your suit to order in a first-class manner and at reasonable prices.

Thrift Stamps Given Away
Free With All Purchases

CHAS. GUIDI, Prop.

313-315 Grand Ave., South San Francisco

Spring Goods

We Are Now Showing a Fine Assortment of Standard Brands of Spring and Summer Goods

Consisting of PEBBLE AND TUB SILKS, SPLASH AND GROS GRAIN VOILES, POPLINS, CREPES, DIMITIES, WHITE GOODS, FLAXONS, TOILE DU NORD, A. F. C., RED SEAL, AMOSKEAG SEERSUCKER AND UTILITY GINGHAM.

These goods are all guaranteed fast colors and sold at city prices. Prices from 10c to 50c per yard.

Ask for the American Trading Stamp. The Stamp With a Value.

W. C. SCHNEIDER

227 Grand Avenue South San Francisco

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GOOD FOOD MAKES STRONG BODIES.

That is a truthful saying.

Here is one reason why our hams and bacon have the most appetizing flavor—because our supply comes from corn fed stock—porkers raised by latest methods.

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Shop Open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. (closed on Sunday)

First delivery goes east, 8 a. m.; second delivery goes west, 10 a. m.; third delivery goes north, 2 p. m. Free delivery once a day if order is in time as designated.

ROYAL THEATRE

Program Week Commencing Sunday, March 5th:

Sunday—Emily Stevens in "The Soul of a Woman."

Monday—High School play.

Tuesday—Blanche Sweet in "The Captain."

Wednesday—High-class vaudeville and professional tryouts.

Thursday—Edgar Selwyn in "The Ambassador."

Friday—Seventh episode of "The Red Circle" serial.

Saturday—Jane Cowl in "The Garden of Lies."

FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

Francis Drake Lodge, No. 376, F. & A. M., meets at Metropolitan Hall first Friday every month for stated meetings.

J. G. Walker, Master.

H. F. Mingledorff, Secretary.



Tippecanoe Tribe, No. 111, Impd. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting brothers welcome.

Chas. Dovin, Sachem.

Daniel Hyland, Chief of Records.



South City Aerie, No. 1473, F. O. E., meets every Tuesday evening in Metropolitan Hall, 8 o'clock.

Geo. E. Kiessling, Worthy President.

W. J. Smith, Secretary.

Visiting brothers welcome.

South City Lodge, No. 832, L. O. O. M., meets in Metropolitan Hall every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers welcome.

C. J. Hyde, Dictator.

Henry Veit, Secretary.



Court Violet, No. 1453, Independent Order of Foresters, meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall.

George W. Hagedorn, Chief Ranger.

John J. McDonald, Secretary.

Henry Veit, Secretary.

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Redwood City, Cal.

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IMPORTED OLIVE OIL

Fresh Fruit Daily Quick Delivery

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AS THE EDITOR SEES IT.

Yes, we readily concede that you are a loyal and patriotic citizen and that you believe in pushing this town along, and incidentally yourself with the town.

Very good. Now read and think while we talk—or write.

Every dollar's worth of farm produce that is shipped direct from the farmer to some city commission merchant should be sold to a farm clearing house in this town.

True, we haven't such a clearing house, but that is our fault and not the farmer's.

If we had such a clearing house under capable management, operated under the direction of the business men of the town, farm products could be marketed without going through so many hands, thus realizing better returns for the farmer.

This would cause the farmer to bring his produce here instead of shipping to outsiders, and in bringing his produce to us for sale he would naturally do his trading with us at the same time.

If a commission house in the city can distribute the farmer's products and earn great profits, then a local clearing house can do the same at greatly reduced expense.

This clearing house should not be operated as a matter of profit. Barely a sufficient amount to pay actual expenses should be charged. It should be a community enterprise and managed for the benefit of the whole community and not for a few individuals.

It should be maintained for the purpose of making this town the farmer's market place instead of some great city, and in our opinion it would be the greatest financial step in advance that we as a community could possibly take. It would be the making of this town.

We have talked—you do the thinking.

We have given the suggestion—you work out the details.

"There's never anything new in this town."

How often have you heard that remark? We had it hurled at us a couple of days ago.

And why is there nothing new? Simply because everybody waits for somebody else to start something. We are all ready to talk if the other fellow will do, but too few of us are willing to take the initiative and "start something."

What made New York, and Chicago, and Philadelphia, and all of the other great cities of the country? Was it their natural advantages alone, or the people who wait for others, or did they just happen?

It was neither of these. It was the ability and the initiative of their "do something" citizens. There is no place in those burbs for the fellow who "waits."

We can do the same here, if we want to. Not on as large or gigantic scale, of course, but still we can improve our condition a thousand percent if we will only resolve to "do things"—and then do them.

There are just as many brains in this town in proportion to population as there are in New York, Chicago or Philadelphia, but they are like the sleeping volcano, while the city man's brains are constantly in eruption.

It is time to wake up—to come out of our trance—it is time to "do something"—and we address this statement particularly to the friend who accosted us a couple of days ago.

We suggest that you do something, because we know that you have the ability to do. And when they see your brain working to a purpose others will sit up and start theirs to moving, too.

If you, reader, have ever made such a complaint of this town we are talking to you, too. Shake the cobwebs from your own brains, and in time you will find others keeping the pace right by your side. Do something yourself, and then you will never have occasion to say to others that "there is never anything doing in this town."

A sleeping volcano never makes smoke.

SAN BRUNO M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. T. A. Atkinson, Pastor.
Sunday school, 10 a. m.
Preaching, 11 a. m.

Junior League, Tuesday, 3:30 p. m.
Mrs. Margaret Turner, superintendent;
Mrs. T. A. Atkinson, assistant.

FRATERNAL ORDERS

I. O. F.

(By George W. Hagedorn.)

The before Lent whist party, to be held at Metropolitan Hall Tuesday evening, promises to be a complete success. The prizes procured are beautiful and appropriate for the occasion. A large crowd will be on hand. The heating arrangements will prove satisfactory. Everybody is welcome. So come out and spend a pleasant evening.

The decorations for St. Patrick's night dance will be fit for the occasion. The music engaged for the evening is the famous Al J. Magraff orchestra of San Francisco. Professor Magraff is one of our foremost composers and has given the committee a complete program of the most popular music that has ever been furnished to the fun-loving people of San Mateo county. So we know everybody will be highly entertained and have an enjoyable evening.

Laughter is as catching as the measles. Mirth and good fellowship are inseparable. How much we owe to the jolly, resourceful, good-natured chairman of the entertainment committee, whose plans always develop something to amuse, refresh and profit us. The tired toilers from the shop and the office alike find enjoyment from an hour's mingling with their fraternal brothers under cover of the lodge. It cannot but add to the pleasure of every member to know that his money, month by month, as it is paid out, goes in part to relieve distress and to pay the benefit due some widow in her bereavement.

It does not go to pay dividends to stockholders or to make richer those already rich, but to those who need it.

By and by it will come to the members' loved ones to comfort and help them in their loneliness.

Miss Margaret Nesfield, in charge of the widows' pension bureau of San Francisco, says in her report:

"It would seem more in keeping with our democratic ideals that everybody between ages should carry \$1000 insurance, otherwise the burden of caring for the orphans, half-orphans, widows and incapacitated members of the community, will fall upon those who are only earning a living wage." Miss Nesfield's words are good.

In this community, fraternal insurance societies furnish the widows and orphans and members with insurance, together with free sanitarians, surgical work, pensions, taking care of their members and protecting their families. Everybody should provide for the future.

For sale or exchange for South San Francisco improved property, 8 1/3 acres good land, suitable for all kinds of fruit or alfalfa, on traction line, twenty-five miles south of Sacramento; \$150 per acre. Box 55, South San Francisco. Advt.

GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

10 a. m. Sunday school.
11 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon.
Monday.

2:00 p. m. Meeting of Grace Church Guild in Guild Hall.
Tuesday.

7:45 p. m. Evening prayer with address.

Wednesday.

Ash Wednesday. The beginning of Lent. Morning prayer and Litany at 10:30 o'clock.

8:00 p. m. Full evening service with sermon.

Thursday.

7:30 p. m. Choir practice in Guild Hall.

Friday.

7:30 p. m. Confirmation class meets in the church.

Saturday.

2 p. m. Altar Society meets in the church.

ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH.

Sunday school, 10 a. m.

Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30 o'clock.

Junior League, Wednesday afternoon, 4 o'clock. Miss Ivy Wilkinson, superintendent.

Rev. T. A. Atkinson, pastor. Phone 186M, San Bruno.

Took the Only Thing Left.

"Did the trained nurse take your temperature?" asked the man of his convalescent friend.

"Yes," responded the sick man. "After the surgeons got through with their charges, that was about all there was left to take."

In a rural court the old squire had made a ruling so unfair that three young lawyers at once protested against such a miscarriage of justice. The squire immediately fined each of the lawyers \$5 for contempt of court.

There was silence, and then an older lawyer walked slowly to the front of the room and deposited a \$10 bill with the clerk. He then addressed the judge as follows:

"Your honor, I wish to state that I have twice as much contempt for this court as any man in the room."

"Doesn't it make you shudder to think what would happen if the Germans ever conquered England?" said Blithers.

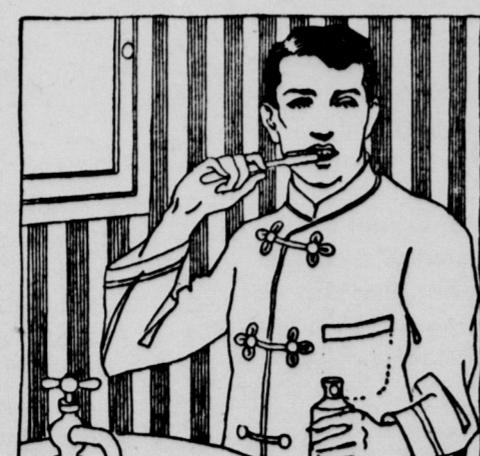
"Ugh!" hivered Slithers. "My favorite nightmare is that I am sitting on top of a powder barrel clad in my pajamas watching the kaiser removing Shakespeare's dust from the church at Stratford-on-Avon with a vacuum cleaner."

"Watered the horses this morning, John?"

"Yes, sir."
"And the cows?"
"Yes, sir."
"And the milk?"
"Yes, sir."—Yonkers Statesman.

TOOTH BRUSHES AND POWDERS

YOU can do as much harm with poor tooth powders and brushes as you can do good with those of the proper sort. Consult us to learn the most beneficial things in this line. Our powders are devoid of the injurious grit that harms the teeth and we can provide brushes that do not hurt the gums. Mouth washing solutions that cleanse and refresh. Prices reasonable. We have all the well known trade mark productions. Also our own tooth powder.



HAVE THOSE JEWELS, PEARLY TEETH!
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WHEN ordering groceries at this store you can depend on prompt and courteous service, quick deliveries, honest weight, dependable goods. Our experience in the business makes it easy for us to please you. Eggs, butter, flour, sugar, starch, canned fruits and vegetables, etc., of real class. This is the Household Headquarters.

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DON'T WAIT UNTIL TO-MORROW

before you protect your property with a policy of fire insurance. You have no assurance but that to-night a fire may come, and to-morrow will be too late. TO-DAY is the right time to get insured. When you have read this advertisement, come right down to our office, and let us write you out a policy. Don't delay an hour.

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DO NOT THROW AWAY WE REPAIR THEM-JUST LIKE NEW

OLD BOILERS POTS, PANS AND KETTLES

KITCHEN utensils of almost every nature which appear to have outlived their usefulness can in many cases be mended so as to serve your purposes as well as ever. Not hasty patching, but lasting repairs done by our men. The prices for this work as well as for general plumbing services will be found reasonable.

Something Saved Is Something Earned

W. L. HICKEY
Sanitary Plumbing and Gasfitting
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Five-room house, electric lights, bath and gas, plastered, papered, newly painted; on paved street; lot 50x140. A bargain if sold at once. See JOHN F. MAGER, Sales Agent Land Company.

WE PRINT EVERYTHING FROM A CALLING CARD TO A BOOK. TRY US.

The Enterprising Merchants Represented In This Paper
ADVERTISE Because It PAYS Them

CIGAR STAND
MANUEL MONICE, Prop.

First-class brands of CIGARS and TOBACCO always on hand. 22 1/4 Grand avenue.

For Sale—Good old papers, 15 cents hundred. Apply this office. Advt.

When John Marvin Came to Downieville

It was Sunday in Downieville, California, in the high Sierras, in the summer of 1852, about 10 a. m.

There is something about a still, clear summer morning in the lofty Sierras that, to a thoughtful man, is almost oppressive in its splendor. He feels that the lower earth is far away, that the Infinite is near. The foliage on the branches of the great pines is a-shimmer with sunbeams; the pines themselves stand like supporting columns for the sky.

Soft voices come from the deep recesses of the forest; the mourning doves' call is as if it might be the echoes of a harp struck under the emerald arches of Summer Land, and the sough of the breeze on the trees is like the soft breathing of a Leviathan in his sleep.

The miners from nearby placer mines had come to town to sell their dust, to buy their coming week's supplies, some of them to drink a little, maybe; to buy the Sacramento Union; to talk politics and to learn if any new diggings had anywhere been struck.

Some had come in on the previous evening and had adjusted a Missouri waltz to the music of the guitars and mandolins in a Spanish fandango house.

The main saloon was in full blast. There were faro, monte, roulette and other games running in full blast and the great Simondson with his marvelous violin, accompanied by two flutes, was making exquisite music. It was a delicious summer morning—all nature seemed in accord with the day.

A grave-faced man entered, looked on the scene for a moment or two, then turning to a man beside him, asked if he could point out the proprietor.

The proprietor—Big Sandy Gibson—was leaning against the bar, and when shown him the stranger went to him and gently said: "My name is John Marvin. I was a clergyman in the states. Would you object to my making an announcement that I will hold religious services in the grove outside for half an hour?"

The master of the place looked at the stranger an instant, and then said: "A preacher, are you?" The man bowed.

Then the proprietor beckoned to an employee, and, as he approached, said to him: "Go back of the saloon, get the biggest dry goods or wet goods box there, and bring it in." Then turning to the preacher, he said: "We will have the services right here. These infernal sinners are forgetting God, and some of them are forgetting their own mothers."

The box, when brought, was about three feet long by two feet wide and deep. It was placed in front of the bar; then the landlord, extending his hand to the preacher, said: "Let me help you to your pulpit." This done, he turned to the crowd and said: "Listen a moment. A minister of the gospel has come to us and is going to hold services right here. I beseech him for his respectful attention. If there is any reprobate here who thinks he cannot stand it, he had better go out now and not oblige me to help him out later." Then turning to the preacher, he added: "It is your turn now." The house had suddenly grown absolutely still.

The man on the box looked his audience over for a moment, then lifting up his voice, which proved to be a marvelous tenor, he began to sing a hymn:

"The Lord is watching, when His sheep

Stray from their fold afar,
It grieves Him for He fain would
keep

For them the gates ajar,
Which open to the love and rest
Which wait the spirit of the blessed."

The air was weird and solemn, and had a refrain which seemed like the tears of pity converted into sound.

Hardly had he commenced singing when the violinist caught the key and the cadence, and began to play a soft accompaniment, the flutes joining in. There were four stanzas to the hymn,

and when he finished not a sound was heard except the sobs of the French woman sitting by the monte table.

Then, a moment later, the speaker clasped his hands before him, and said: "Let us pray." Then in the breathless silence, he said:

"Oh, Thou! the All Compassionate, hear our prayer! Thou carest not for temples of stone, for hast Thou not builded this great mountain cathedral and roofed it with Thy pines? Thou carest not for earthly incense, for is not the incense of Thy flowers ever rising up to Thee? Thou carest not for altars of onyx and alabaster, for are not contrite hearts more acceptable to Thee than polished stone? Thou carest not for organ and choir, for do not the breezes playing upon the foerst an dthe songs of Thy birds make more acceptable music for Thee?"

"If, in the purisut of youth or pleasure, we have forgotten Thee; in Thy mercy forgive!"

"If, in the egotism of our youth and strength, we have been nursing a selfish pride, we pray Thee in Thy mercy forgive!"

"If to minister to our desires we have forgotten Thee and have failed in our duties, we pray Thee, forgive us!"

"If we have lacked in gratitude for all Thy mercies to us, for health and strength and the power to enjoy this life that Thou gavest us, we pray Thee forgive us, and hold us in Thy care and help us to be worthy to live humble and worthy lives that when this brief day here is passed we may find the rest that comes to souls whose sins are forgiven. Amen."

Then he sang another hymn, more touching than the first one, and with added pathos and power.

Then, taking from his pocket a little Bible, he opened it and read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Then, for fifteen minutes, he preached a sermon on charity.

The sermon was a prose poem and fitted exactly the rhythm of the first verse of the chapter, which he adroitly used to finish his paragraphs, which the reader will remember reads:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

His fervor increased as he spoke, his face lighted up, his dark eyes glowed and his voice rang out like a trumpet call.

Those in the saloon gathered close around him, others from outside came in until the room was packed. All hung breathless upon his words, for he seemed inspired. At last, with an impassioned cry of, "God, fill our hearts with charity!" he suddenly ceased.

Waiting a moment, in gentle tones he said: "My friends, let me tell you a little story. I am a miner like most of you. I live on my claim on a little cabin a mile out in the hills. In the next claim a young man has been working for several months. I have learned his history.

"He is a widow's son, and came west to try to make enough to free his mother's farm from a mortgage and enough beside to finish his own education. He has worked every week day for months, and every month has sent his mother all that he has made. Last Monday, by a cave of a bank in his claim, he was badly injured. I carried into my cabin and bandaged him as well as I could, treated him as tenderly as I could; but one leg is badly fractured, and this morning he has a high fever.

"This morning he said to me: 'Dear friend, should anything happen, will you write my mother and tell her what I have tried to do?'

"That is why I am here. I gave up the ministry two years ago, because I thought myself unworthy; but when the boy said that to me, I asked him to be brave and patient for two hours while I was away, and I came here, praying all the way for help to do my duty. The boy must have eminent surgical help, some comforts and careful nursing at once, or he will die.

What say you?" With that he slipped from the box.

Then some swift work was done. The owner of the saloon became master of ceremonies. He named a committee to receive contributions; men were delegated to bring the injured youth to the hospital; a messenger was dispatched on horseback with orders to change horses at each stage station on the road to Marysville, fifty miles away, and with another order to the stage company to dispatch, by special conveyance, the most accomplished surgeon in the city, the conveyance to change horses at each stage station.

The rider reached Marysville in seven hours, the surgeon reached Downieville at 5 o'clock next morning; the preacher was asked how many miners could work in the boy's claim, who replied that there was not water enough to wash more gravel than three miners could shovel, whereupon one hundred miners each volunteered one day's work and fixed the time when each should be at the claim. A generous purse was tendered to the preacher, but he gently put it aside, saying: "Give it to the hospital. I am greatly your debtor already," and started hurriedly back to his cabin.

The sports in the saloon closed their games for the day. That Sunday night was the quietest one known in Downieville in the fifties. The miners worked out the boy's claim and gave him the dust.

After a long siege he recovered, but always had a limp, and went back to his mother.

The preacher worked out his claim and went away.

A few weeks later the Sacramento papers had an item, which read: "In trying to save a child from a burning house the previous night, a man was asphyxiated; he entered the house, found the child, put a handkerchief over its face to prevent its breathing the smoke and started back, but, overcome, fell in the front room. The child was resuscitated; the man could not be. He was a stranger, but his underclothing bore the name of John Marvin."

Some months later another item came in an eastern paper wondering if that could be the John Marvin who, a few years before, had been a brilliant pulpit orator; who gave great promise of being famous as a preacher, a singer and composer, but who, when the woman to whom he had been engaged married another, gave up his place and disappeared, who before he went away had told an intimate friend that he could preach no more, for he loved the woman more than he did God.

His singing, his prayer and his preaching were a theme of eulogy in Downieville for years, until all the miners of 1852 had passed on.—By C. Goodwin.

Islands in a Sea of Lava.

The valley of the ancient Snake river in Idaho was flooded with great outpourings of black lava, which spread out sheet on sheet, buried the old land surface and partly filled the valley with molten rock, which solidified and has remained to this day undisturbed except for the gorges that the streams have cut in it. In some places old mountains project through the petrified lava flood as islands project above the surface of the sea, and old ridges stick out into it as capes and promontories.

The area covered by the Snake river lava is about 20,000 square miles. So far as it is now known there is but one lava field in North America of greater extent, the Columbia river lava field, which covers about 200,000 square miles. In Snake river canyon, below Shoshone falls, nearly 700 feet of horizontal sheets of lava are exposed, but whether this is the maximum thickness or not cannot be told.—Overland Guidebook, Bulletin 612, U. G. S.

A Very Good Reason.

During the lesson one afternoon a violent thunderstorm arose, and, to lessen the fright of the children, the teacher began telling of the wonders of the elements.

"And now, Jimmy," she asked, "why is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"

"Because," said Jimmy confidently, "after it hits once, the same place ain't there any more."

OLD MAN WITH LEGS IS LATEST TOOL OF BURGLARS

Grand Rapids, Mich.—A few years ago a mechanician fashioned a few strips of steel at his home forge, and the grotesque creation of this man, who is now serving time in the Ohio penitentiary, was christened "old man," and by way of distinction he was spoken of as having four legs. But such legs!

When top-story men worked in the Michigan Trust building here on a recent Sunday and tore out the combinations of two safes and shot another with nitro-glycerine, the "old man" with the four legs left his imprints on the safes. Where his "feet" had been planted were four deep dents. Those marks spoke volumes to the detectives.

Only expert safe crackers use the "old man." The man whose brain gave birth to this ingenious tool fashioned a most powerful and useful implement for the "craft" who use explosives and drill steel safes for a living when some commonwealth is not feeding and housing them in exchange for a safe cracking job or some other depredation.

A piece of steel fashioned into the semblance of a narrow horseshoe is the framework of the "old man." There is just enough room between these strips to enable the "old man" to drop over the knob of a safe. Four holes drilled in the "old man's" frame furnish the foothold for the four legs.

The holes are threaded with a fine thread, as are the legs.

Once the "old man" fastens his grip upon the safe knob the legs are screwed into the holes. The close threads on bolts and hole give the "old man" a tremendous purchase power, and with a monkey wrench the "legs" are screwed down.

In a moment they are fast and the "old man's" back is bent to the task.

So short and powerful is his frame and so closely set are his legs that there is no chance for him to bend at his work. The combination commences to give, and as the jaws of the wrench twist the legs in deeper the knob is slowly torn out. Entrance to the safe then is easy and the inner compartments, once bared, are easily battered in.

The "old man's" right-hand aid is a self-feed drill, which can be fastened into the "old man's" frame as easily as one of the legs. An extra hole is drilled into the frame and into this fits the threaded bolt that holds the drill steady and in place. But the drill is used only where the charge of "soup," or nitro-glycerine, is resorted to in blowing the safe.

Fastened on Knob.

In this case the yeggs fasten the "old man" securely on the safe knob. The drill is placed and the yegg then feeds the steel drill as he turns the handle. The bolt that holds the drill to its work and which is fastened into the "old man's" frame is one piece, while the drill is set inside of a threaded bolt that pushes it forward with the regularity the yegg uses in drilling.

After the hole is deep enough the "soup" is administered and the hole is covered with wax and a fuse attached; office rugs are thrown over the safe and the yeggs step to one side as the fuse is fired. The real yegg uses just enough "soup" to accomplish the work of wrecking the safe without blowing the doors through a wall or making unnecessary noise.

The last job done in which the "old man" and a charge of "soup" were used was sufficient to just pull the door from its steel fastenings and hurl the combination out. Pushing back the bolts was nothing, and with a kit of special tools the yeggs soon entered the strong box.

"Old Man's" Latest.

The latest jobs credited to the "old man" with the four legs, are those at Flint, in which much loot was taken from a bank; the Vermontville postoffice and the United Light and Railways Company's offices here, in which the "old man" was clamped on three safes.

One of the most complete yegg outfits in captivity is in possession of Director of Safety A. A. Carroll, who has the "old man" with the four legs.

DOMESTICATION OF WILD FOWLS IS ADVOCATED

With the encroaching of civilization onto the haunts of wild game there is threatened an extermination of the birds who used to grace the tables of our grandfathers. To offset this the game bird society, with headquarters at South Bend, Ind., has been formed. Here is its purpose:

"To encourage people to raise game birds for pleasure, profit or liberation and to teach them how. Also to direct them where they can get good stock, and when possible to supply it at reasonable rates and to furnish information as to where it can be obtained."

According to the biological survey, department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., "The raising of game for profit not only need not jeopardize the safety and abundance of our wild game, but is likely to increase the quality of wild game."

Five years of research and practical experience in different parts of the country has demonstrated that the raising of game birds is easier and more practical than the raising of chickens, and is much more profitable. According to the experts, it can be done on a smaller space, with less money, less expensive fencing and cheaper coops. It is claimed that even suburban dwellers who have a little space in a backyard can undertake with certainty of success the raising of the game birds if they will devote a little time and money to it.

The game laws of the country have not accomplished the prevention of game bird killing as they were intended to, and it is a known fact that the hunters have come little by little to smaller bags of game. Old ways have proved futile, and authorities on the matter throughout the United States believe that only by encouraging breeders to raise birds as they would chickens can the natural life of America be saved.

The 1912 report of the California fish and game commission states the proposition in a nutshell. Here it is:

"As it becomes more and more necessary to remove the wild game from the market and public demands something to take its place, this can be well supplied with that raised in captivity. A law allowing the sale of deer meat would not make it any more difficult to protect the wild animals; on the other hand it would supply the demand for venison and would remove the reason for violating the law that sometimes exists under our present system. * * * We recommend that pheasants raised in captivity be sold in the markets. This has a twofold advantage. First, it would provide a delicious game bird for the tables of hotels and restaurants, and proportionately reduce the drain on wild game in the fields."

The game bird society is proposing a law similar to that of Indiana, which reads:

"Be it enacted by the general assembly of the state of Indiana, that all birds and animals reared and bred in captivity shall be considered domestic fowls and stock, and the owner or raiser thereof may keep, sell, ship, transport or otherwise dispose of them, and the same shall not be affected or covered by the laws prohibiting or regulating the killing or disposition of birds and animals grown or propagated in a wild state."

Such a law would, it is believed, if adopted all over the United States, encourage the raising of wild game birds and assure them to the posterity of the nation.

Included in this outfit are drills of various sizes, threading tools, skeleton key, "soup" guns, wax, chisels and sundry articles. The outfit was taken from a pair of yeggs who were captured by Director Carroll, but who fled after they jumped their bail bonds.

So complete was the tool molded by the inventor of the "old man" that the police assert no added inventions have come to make such an instrument more useful.

"Yes; we pay spot cash for everything."

"Ah, I often speak to my husband about the time when we had to!"

Last Living Witness Tells of the Shooting of Abraham Lincoln

W. J. Ferguson, only surviving witness of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on April 14, 1865, says that most of the American histories and all of the motion pictures depicting the famous tragedy give an altogether erroneous impression of it.

Mr. Ferguson is now playing the role of George Merrie, one of the pirates, in "Treasure Island," at the Punch and Judy Theatre, New York City, and in view of the celebration of Lincoln's birthday, he describes John Wilkes Booth's murder of the president as he and Miss Laura Keene saw it on that never to be forgotten night when Miss Keene was playing "Our American Cousin" for her own benefit. Mr. Ferguson, who knew Booth well, refers to him always as "John."

Few histories record the fact that the box occupied by the president and Mrs. Lincoln and their party was situated at one side of the stage, twelve feet above it, and not in the auditorium, as boxes are built nowadays. Its occupants were looking down on the actors, using the same angle of vision as if they were standing in the wings.

"A curtain was draped before the president's chair," said Mr. Ferguson, "and this completely concealed his features from the audience. We on the stage could see him, but those in front could not, and for this reason the only persons who actually saw his assassination were the occupants of his box and Miss Keene and myself.

"I was the callboy of the theatre at a salary of \$5 a week. My duties kept me in a prompt box across the stage from the president's party much of the time that evening. I had suddenly been asked also to assume the role of Lieutenant Vernon in the play, and as I was to play a brief scene with Miss Keene, she came to the prompt box to go over it with me, as it was nearing the time for us to make our entrance. I was required also to fill a desk with old papers, as Asa Trenchard played that night by Harry Hawk, discovers a lost will in the library scene and destroys the document.

"About half-past 9 o'clock, just as Miss Keene and myself were on the point of walking on the stage, we heard a sharp report. I thought some one had knocked over that box of papers, but looking across at the desk I discovered that it was intact. The same instant I noticed a strange commotion in the president's box.

"Mr. Lincoln had the kindest features I ever saw and the eyes of a fawn. They became suddenly drawn, his eyes seemed to close and his head fell forward on his chest, although he did not fall from his chair. A man whom I instantly recognized as John Booth was climbing over the railing of the box and struggling with some one in the box.

"The next instant he jumped down to the stage and hurried to where I was standing beside Miss Keene, passed between us on his way out of the theatre and left it by a rear exit. I felt his breath on my cheek as he passed us. For some moments no one quite realized what had happened."

"Where and when did he shout 'Sic semper tyrannis?'" queried the interviewer.

"He didn't," declared Mr. Ferguson. "Some one invented that piece of historical fiction, and in my opinion it was a newspaper man with a too vivid imagination." The quaint old player smiled.

"John was too busy getting to his horse in the rear of the building to indulge in absurd speech-making," he continued. "He loved that animal, a yellow mare, that he knew would carry him to safety. The mare was his pet, a fast, graceful little animal worth a lot of money."

"The basket-boy of the theatre was holding the mare's bridle. I followed closely enough to see John kick the boy aside in his excitement, leap to his pet's back and disappear. Then I heard the familiar tat-tat-tat, tat-tat-tat, of a rapidly galloping horse, the sound gradually becoming fainter and

fainter. I have imitated that noise hundreds of times behind the scenes. It is known as 'taking off the horse.'

"The whole incident seemed as unreal to me as though I had just made the noise myself as a part of the performance. Darting back to the prompt box, I heard the buzz of excited conversation from across the footlights, and soon the audience began leaping to the stage. Men were saying, 'Who did it? Where is he? Did he get away?' 'Where did he go?'

"I was only a callboy and no one paid any attention to me. Accordingly, I quietly slipped forward to the balcony stairs and passed along the rear wall of the balcony and so into the president's box, just as John Booth had done a few minutes before. The only entrance to that box was through the balcony, and in going there John must have been seen by many persons sitting in the balcony.

"With a boy's curiosity I watched the preparations to carry the mortally wounded man across the street to Peterson's lodgings. I saw a little blue mark where the bullet from Booth's derringer had entered. The wound was not bleeding, I noticed.

"Later the president was carried through the balcony, down the balcony steps and across the street to an actors' boarding house. Here he was placed on a bed in an upper room in which the actors used to lounge. Three weeks before I had seen John Booth lounging and smoking on the same bed.

"Long after midnight I was told the president's wound was bleeding, and a little later his shirt, which had been removed, was sent downstairs, and I took a piece of it as a souvenir, although I didn't realize the historical interest in the tragedy and lost that bit of linen, all soiled and marked as it was.

"John Booth was around Ford's theatre every day. I remembered distinctly after the assassination that he was sitting at a prompt table on the stage about 3 o'clock on the afternoon preceding the murder.

"He was a fascinating and brilliant man and we all liked him. It was madness, nothing else. The Booth family was touched with it. Had I been at liberty he probably would have asked me to hold his mare for him. Fortunately, I was too busy, and so did not become an innocent party to his escape.

"I said nothing about what I had seen. The excitement was intensely fervid and fanatical, and as I was only a callboy I thought to myself that the wisest thing for me to do was to keep my mouth closed, and I continued that policy for some years. Miss Keene, on the other hand, was repeatedly called upon to give her story of what she saw."

"And the scene in 'The Birth of a Nation,' depicting the calamity, did you see it?" asked the reporter.

"I did, with disgust," replied Mr. Ferguson. "It was not only all wrong, but it was an aspersion on the character of Lincoln. It depicted him responding to cheers and applause and accompanied by a bodyguard.

"Lincoln was a simple man. He frequently came to the theatre, but he never had a bodyguard. He would slip in quietly and the audience would not know he was there. We on the stage could see him, of course, but those in front couldn't when he was seated behind that curtain. Before that time our presidents had been free from assassins, and to see a guard around him in that picture was absurd. Lincoln was no Russian Tsar. He trusted the public.

"And in the picture the box was placed in the audience and not above the stage. But of course those in the movies are more important than are the great facts of history. They know everything, not only about history, but about acting. We of the stage are only tolerated by the master minds of the movies. It is something to make history on the screen. So easy, too!"

"When the relaxed form of the kindest human being it has ever been my fortune to behold was carried out of the playhouse that night and the pleasure-seeking throng which had been thrilled into excitement, terror and anger finally quitted the

place, I rang down the curtain. It never went up on another play."

HERE ARE SOME DONT'S FOR WOMEN AND THEIR SAFETY

So many accidents due to the carelessness of the housewife have been reported lately that a series of "Don'ts" have been proposed. A common habit, and a very bad one, is shown here. Holding clothespins or other articles in the mouth spoils its shape and ruins the teeth. Some of the other "Don'ts" follow:

Don't risk your life cleaning windows from the outside.

Don't pyramid the furniture to make a perch from which to hang pictures. Get a stepladder and prevent a household calamity.

Don't grope in dark closets. Get a little electric torch and save yourself many unpleasant experiences.

Don't leave domestic implements on the stairs. A dustpan turns the stairway into a toboggan slide for unwary feet.

Don't try to climb the stairs with your arms incumbered.

Schoolroom Humor.

The Boston Budget tells this story of a Boston school on "exhibition day." The teacher gave out the word "hazardous" for a boy to spell, and to her great surprise he promptly spelled it "hazardless." Thinking that definition might jog his memory, she asked him to give her the meaning, whereupon her astonishment was intensified with the reply, "A female hazard."

The principal of a high school tells the following:

"One day at school I gave a bright boy a sum in algebra, and although the problem was comparatively easy he couldn't do it. I remarked:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. At your age George Washington was a surveyor."

"The boy looked me straight in the face, and replied:

"At your age he was president of the United States."

One day, among other questions, relates another school teacher, I asked, "Who wrote Hamlet?" expecting some of the older pupils to answer; but all sat silent.

After a long pause little Johnnie, aged seven, held up his hand, and on being called on said, "I didn't."

That evening at a meeting of the township trustees, to which I was invited, I told of the incident, expecting a hearty laugh; but before the story could be appreciated one of the trustees, a shrewd business man with very little literary knowledge, burst forth with:

"The little rascal, I bet he did!"

Blindfold Justice.

Mose was in trouble again pending an explanation of why he had been found at night in the squire's henhouse.

"Now, look here, Mose" said the judge irritably, "didn't I give you ten days last month for trying to get into this same henhouse?"

Mose thought a moment. Then he said: "Marse Willyum, don' de law say yo' cain't be tried twice wid de same t'ing?"

"Yes," said the judge. "No man can twice be placed in jeopardy for the same offense."

"Den, Marse Willyum, Ah'll jes' be steppin' along home. Ah wuz after de same chickings, sah."

A Crying Need.

"A lady can only wear a certain quantity of diamonds on her fingers and around her neck."

"Yes; there's a fortune in it for the inventive genius who can perfect a way to inlay people with gems."

Hopeless.

"How is it," asked the mistress, "that you say you are a cook, yet you have no references?"

"O'll tell yez th' troot, mum," replied Bridget. "Ol wuz always in wan place, mum, till th' people died."

Preparedness.

"Darling, won't you marry me? I would die for you!"

"How sweet of you! How much are you insured for?"

In high latitudes the sun's rays strike the earth's surface obliquely, and have thus less heating power than in low latitudes.

Too Bad.

Ralph was going into the third grade, having successfully passed the holiday examinations, and his parting with his beloved teacher was tearful.

"Oh, Miss Ruby!" he wailed. "I wish you knew enough to teach the third grade, so you could come along an' teach me next year."

CERTIFICATE OF TRANSACTION OF BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME.

I, Harry Speros, do hereby certify that I am now transacting business at the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, under the name of Superior French Laundry; that such business consists in the operation of a laundry at said place; that I reside in said City of South San Francisco and that I am the only person interested in said business.

Dated February 24, 1916.

Internal Revenue
stamps in amount of
10 cents. HARRY SPEROS,
State of California, County of San
Mateo, ss.

On this 24th day of February, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen, before me, J. W. Coleberd, a Notary Public in and for said County of San Mateo, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Harry Speros, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the County of San Mateo, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

[Seal] J. W. COLEBERD,
Notary Public in and for the County of San
Mateo, State of California.
3-4-5

NOTICE OF ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given that, whereas, there was heretofore and on the 24th day of January, 1916, duly presented to and filed with the Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco, a municipal corporation in the County of San Mateo, State of California, a written petition signed by over one-fifth in number of the qualified electors of said municipal corporation, computed upon the number of votes cast at the last general municipal election held therein, asking that the hereinabove described new territory be annexed to, incorporated in and made a part of said municipal corporation, and asking and proposing that the boundaries of said territory be altered accordingly; and further asking that there be submitted to the qualified electors of said municipal corporation and to the qualified electors residing in the aforesaid territory proposed by said petition to be annexed to said municipal corporation, the question whether such new territory shall be annexed to, incorporated in and made a part of said municipal corporation, and asking and proposing that the boundaries of said territory be altered accordingly; 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CALIFORNIA NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF

A "No-Thank-You" Club is to be organized at Lodi.

Westwood is to try the experiment of a "camp" on wheels."

There is still 18 inches of snow on the ground at Stirling City.

The growing of cauliflower is to be a new industry at Compton.

The number of coyotes in Indian Valley is considered remarkable.

Miss Jane Addams, the noted Chicago settlement worker, is resting in Pasadena.

County Engineer Cook reports that the bridge across the Mojave River at Barstow is open for traffic.

The Trustees of the several summer schools in Yuba County have commenced selecting teachers for 1916.

Fully forty prospectors are camped on the big bar at the junction of the Yuba rivers, below Bridgeport.

A new pier is soon to be constructed at Santa Monica Beach. It will be 700 feet long and 200 feet wide.

The Woman's Improvement Club of Red Bluff has taken steps to wage a campaign against the mosquitoes.

When C. A. Werner opened his house door in Duarte he found his swinging seat occupied by a full-grown fox.

The Pasadena Star and the Pasadena News, both evening dailies, have been merged into the Pasadena Star-News.

Agitation is being started on the campus at Stanford to reduce basketball and baseball to a minor sport basis.

Preliminary construction work is well under way on the various big amusement projects proposed for Seal Beach.

Work of getting the Stirling City Logging Mills into condition for the coming year's activities has been begun.

An effort is being made by poultry men of the State, backed by the State Market Commission, to form an organization.

It is expected that within a few days Governor Johnson will announce his candidacy for the Presidency of the United States.

Pasadena has secured a right-of-way for an electric power line to the city limits of Los Angeles and will pay a rent of \$5 a month.

Chico Vieino Street, east of the Esplanade, will be graveled, half of the work to be done by Butte County and half by property owners.

The female form may be divine, but the city fathers of Alameda do not care to see too much of it. Hence bathing suits will be different this year.

Lodi entertained delegates from Central California, who attended the annual convention of the Federated Women's Clubs of the Alameda district.

The plan has met with such success that the originators of the "No-Thank-You" Club at Sacramento have decided to make it a State-wide organization.

The new Sisters of Mercy Hospital at Red Bluff is being rushed to completion, and will take the place of the one destroyed by fire a few years ago.

Several gangs of workmen on roads and streets have brought order to Beaumont transportation conditions rendered chaotic by the recent storm.

More than \$1,600,000 have been collected by the State Motor Vehicle Department already this year in auto licenses, motorcycle licenses and other fees.

Judge R. S. Bean has under submission the withdrawal suits brought by the Government against numerous oil companies occupying land near Maricopa.

Dr. Frank P. Gray of Hammonton, reports the delivery of three boys and one girl by Dr. Stork in the seven days from February 15th to February 21st, inclusive.

Oroville will have a session of the Chautauqua from May 4th to 9th, inclusive, the Ellis White Chautauqua system to open its season on the Pacific Coast there.

The War Department has reported adversely upon the bill introduced by Congressman Curry for a half million dollar munitions plant at Benicia, Solano County, Cal.

A special sidetrack will be built in the Redding yards for receiving the heavy shipments of steel from Ohio for the new dredge to be built near Carrville, Trinity County.

As a result of an inmate dropping a lighted match on his bed after lighting his pipe, the Sutter County Hospital was for a time in danger of destruction by fire a few days ago.

The San Timoteo Canyon highway to Colton has been made passable by the construction of trails around washed-out bridges and the solidifying of soft ground with trusses of straw.

A bill appropriating \$15,000 for day beacons and night lights to mark the

waters in Lake Tahoe has been introduced by Representative Raker, with the approval of the Lighthouse Service

A corps of engineers is making the preliminary surveys through Indian Valley to connect the copper producing properties of Indian and Genesee Valleys with the Western Pacific Railroad.

The City Trustees of Auburn have instructed the City Marshal to post notices of intention of paving of the streets over which the State Highway will pass. The distance is more than a mile.

High School boys may join and form cadet companies if they desire, but the San Francisco Board of Education has decided that it will not make compulsory drilling a part of the public school system.

Experts state that all through the Upper Santa Ynez cinnabar is found in large quantities and well defined ledges parallel the Santa Ynez River for miles. Old properties are being reopened.

David Lubin, former Sacramento merchant, is trying to get Congress to make certain changes in the parcels post laws which will make possible the marketing of products direct from producer to consumer.

Captain A. S. Sears, formerly commander of the American steamer Leelanaw, blown up by a German submarine off the Orkney Islands, brought the steamer Coaster into San Francisco last week from West Coast ports.

Practical demonstrations in many phases of agricultural and horticultural work were made at the University State Farm at Davis for the thirteen Farm Advisers of California, who were there last week for a four-day visit.

A petition, bearing 140 signatures, requesting that the tax of 15 cents for providing and maintaining parks and music for advertising purposes be repealed by the voters is causing considerable excitement at Hermosa Beach.

Many boat owners along the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers have been fined for violations of the navigation law, chiefly the failure to equip vessels with whistles, fire extinguishers, life preservers and copies of the pilot rules.

A special parcels post service has been established by the Post Office Department between Auburn and Clipper Gap on account of the large number of men employed at the latter place by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company work.

C. Otis, a well-to-do farmer of Honey Lake Valley, lost two valuable farm horses last week, both dying from an unknown cause. The horses have been buried in snow to await the arrival of the State Veterinarian, who will investigate.

Eleven of the wealthiest Chinese in California have incorporated themselves for the purpose of promoting trade relations between San Francisco and China. Of many commercial enterprises they propose to undertake the most important is a venture in coal.

William Watson, an engineer of Quincy and formerly County Surveyor of Plumas County, has submitted for approval to S. J. Norris, Oroville City Engineer, an outline of proposed system of State Highway laterals for Plumas, Lassen, Sierra and Butte Counties.

Lou Dees, a woodcutter of San Gregorio, San Mateo County, was arrested by Deputy John Burke of the State Fish and Game Commission, and charged before Judge Seely of Redwood City with killing a doe. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 150 days in jail.

Cause of the explosion in the Trojan Powder Company plant in San Lorenzo last week remains a mystery, according to the coroner's jury in the matter of the death of Byron L. M. Byard, an employee of the company, who was killed at the time of the accident.

In a campaign which lasted from September 7 to January 4, the Growers' Fumigation Company of the Pomona Valley, which served the citrus producers of the San Antonio Fruit Exchange, worked eleven fumigation gangs last week and used eleven cars of cyanide, worth more than \$60,000.

Beaumont is the town without a "biled" shirt for Sunday. Scattered along the sand bars of the Santa Ana River is the community's weekly wash, carried away by the turbulent waters when the delivery automobile of the manager of the Beaumont Steam Laundry capsized in midstream.

In an appeal before the Supreme Court made by S. M. Spurrier and Henry Krohn of Sacramento against a decision favoring Reclamation District No. 17, the Supreme Court affirmed the judgment of the lower court in Sacramento upholding the assessment against the lands of the two for \$2,764.

On account of the heavy snows in Nevada, making it expensive and difficult to range cattle during the winter, many head of stock from that State have been brought into California and turned on range land in the Montezuma

hills, north of Suisun Bay. More than 30 carloads have been transported.

A deed for the property just north of the Lincoln School of Red Bluff, which is to be purchased by the School Trustees for playground purposes, has been placed in escrow in the Bank of Tehama County. Here it will remain until the amount of \$4,200 for the lots can be furnished by a bond election to be called for that purpose.

Several consignments of cotton which was held up at Mexicali, Lower California, opposite Calexico, because of a new export duty of \$10 a bale imposed by the de facto Mexican government were released by order of Governor Esteban Cantu pending final action by General Carranza. The cotton was allowed to cross the international border after payment of the original duty of \$2 a bale.

Must Have Them.

Crawford—You seem to think your wife the most unreasonable woman in the world.

Crabshaw—You see I mortgaged the house to buy her an auto, and now she wants me to raise money on the car to purchase Christmas presents.

"He Who Fights—and Runs Away."

"I hear you had some trouble at the picnic," said Fred.

"Yes," sighed Percy. "The girls called me a coward because I would not get them a hornets' nest."

"Unhonored, eh?" chuckled Fred.

"Yup," said Percy, "but unstung."

Making It Fit.

"Did you hear about the defacement of Mr. Skinner's tombstone?" asked Mr. Brown a few days after the funeral of that eminent captain of industry.

"No, what was it?" inquired his neighbor curiously.

"Some one added the words 'friends' to the epitaph."

"What was the epitaph?"

"He did his best."

A young American artist who has returned from a six months' job of driving a British ambulance on the war front in Belgium, brings this back, straight from the trenches:

"One cold morning a sign was pushed up above the German trench facing ours, only about fifty yards away, which bore in large letters the words:

"Gott Mit Uns!"

One of our cockney lads, more of a patriot than a linguist, looked at this for a moment, and then lampblacked a big sign of his own, which he raised on a stick. It read:

"We Got Mittens, Too!"

"I shall never ask you to promise to come home early again," she said, sorrowfully, when he let himself in at 2 a. m.

"Why not, my dear?" he inquired, quietly.

"It's bad enough to be married to a nighthawk and a loafer without making a liar of you, too," she replied, and he had no comeback.

"We should be very careful what we say. A careless word may cause trouble."

"You don't need a whole word to cause trouble," replied Miss Cayenne. "A hyphen will do."

She—Do you remember that you once proposed to me and that I refused you?

He—Yes, that is one of my life's most beautiful memories.

"My bride is disappointed about housekeeping."

"What's the trouble?"

"She can't get a maid who will courtesy as they do in the musical comedies she goes to see."

"I've got to sit up with a sick friend to-night," he said.

"Well," she retorted, "I hope you do him good," and from the way she said it he knew he hadn't "got by."—Detroit Free Press.

"Every one seems to be here for his health," remarked the new arrival at the summer resort.

"Yes, every one but the hotel proprietor," replied the guest who had been there three days.—Judge.

This is also a fine month in which to return the lawn mower you borrowed last summer, thus entitling you to demand the return of your vacuum cleaner.

JERSEY GIRL'S SONG IS SUNG IN TRENCHES

have their tools put away before that time."

A new battle hymn, composed to the air of "Fight the Good Fight," has been composed by Miss Alice Irene Wood of Bellevue avenue, Montclair, N. J., and is being sung in the trenches by the Canadian contingent in the British army.

Miss Wood has just returned to her home from Montreal, where she read the hymn before detachments of soldiers overseas bound for the front. Lieutenant-Colonel the Rev. Canon John H. Almond was so impressed with its composition he encouraged its singing by the troops, who adopted it with much enthusiasm.

There are six stanzas to the hymn, the first two of which follow:

The battle cry of God we raise,
With our triumphant song of praise,

Free from all malice thought of ill,
Save strong to do our Father's will.

The power of God it is our might,
To guide and strengthen in the fight,
All weariness and pain to bear,
Remindful ever of His care.

"Although the Canadians have made sacrifices in this war unprecedented in the annals of classic deeds," said Miss Wood, "they have set their hearts and minds on a peace of permanence and will fight until it is assured.

"Although governments have no control over emotions, in many of my conversations with soldiers departing for or returning from the front, I detected not the slightest trace of hatred in their hearts, nor an expression of the primeval man's love of a big fight. There only remains the steadfast resolve to valiantly sustain and uphold their precious traditions of right and honor, with a full sense of the great personal sacrifice at stake."

Miss Wood declared all the injured soldiers returning to Canada were cheerful and predicted that victory for the allies surely would come.

Lending a Helping Hand.

"What a beautiful dog, Miss Ethel!" exclaimed her bashful admirer. "Is he affectionate?"

"Is he affectionate?" she asked archly. "Indeed he is. Here, Bruno! Come, good doggie, and show Charley Smith how to kiss me."

Many instances have been quoted of the ingenuity of the schoolboy and the college man in answering examination questions in foreign languages, but seldom has a hard-pressed undergraduate displayed the inventive genius shown by Henry W. Savage when his knowledge of French was put to the test in a Parisian cafe some years ago. According to George Ade, who was with him at the time, Savage prides himself on his French. He had just succeeded by dint of the most intense sort of concentration in ordering those copper-colored oysters known to the habitues of Paris as being among the oldest inhabitants. Then, flushed with victory, he rashly decided to follow up his success by ordering some horseradish. The French word for horseradish had completely escaped his memory. Nothing daunted, he became at once logical and ingenious. "Horse is cheval," said he to Ade, "and red is rouge all right, but I'm damned if I can remember the French word for 'ism'."—Argonaut.

"Will you have my seat?" he inquired politely.

"On the ground that I am aged and decrepit?" the woman asked.

"No, indeed, madam."

"Then I am young and beautiful and possibly not averse to a flirtation?"

"Certainly not. That is—"

"Then it must be because you are a gentleman, in this respect differing from the fat person on the left and the scrawny specimen at the right. I am glad to learn your principles, sir, but here is my street. Good-day."

Just as the manager was showing some visitors around the factory the dinner bell rang, and the men stopped work and disappeared as if by magic.

"Do all of them," said one of the guests, "drop their tools the instant the bell goes?"

"Oh, no; not all of them," said the manager. "The more orderly ones

have their tools put away before that time."

The customer in the grocery store, having ruined his clothes, was hopping mad. "Didn't you see that sign, 'Fresh Paint?'" asked the grocer. "Of course I did," napped the customer, "but I've seen so many signs hung up here announcing something fresh that wasn't that I did not believe it."—San Francisco News Letter.

"So my daughter has consented to become your wife. Have you fixed the day of the wedding?"

"I will leave that to her."

"Will you have a church or a private wedding?"

"Her mother can decide that."

"What have you to live on?"